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The Tower

Alabama College

Montevallo, Ala.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S GRAVE COVERED WITH SNOW ON A MARCH EVENING

The cedar bending over you must understand.
Its branches lift up the snow that lies
Heavy against the rest of the world,
Leaving only your name traced in fairy patterns.
Fairy patterns, true—but alien to one
Most used to lie beneath the South Wind
And the mocking-bird song.
Gently rest and bear with fortitude this snow,
This Northern invader;
A bird sings even now and April weeps for you
A few rods farther on!

—Grace Lane

SPRING

Spring is an emerald basket
Filled with tiny bursting buds,
Blossoming flowers, perfumes,
And roses in the darkness.

—Ruby Livings

PLANET

That world that glows so calmly through the night
(Hair-ornament for yonder willow tree)
Perhaps bears on its still immensity
A watcher such as I within whose sight
A willow with my world may jeweled be.

—Lena Clare Shackelford

AN EXTRACT FROM "CONRAD AIKEN'S PICTURES"

"The Pictorial Cake"

Grace Lane

The following is a recipe which, when baked, will provide a slice of **Aiken Pictorial Cake** for the reader.

Ingredients:

2 cups of salt water dipped from the ocean (fresh)

1 cup of mountain soil—very moist

3 cups of very blue air

1 lb. of well grated star dust

1 teaspoon of dew

An assortment of twilight colors—rose, blue, green, lavender, gold, white

A pinch of moonlight

A dash of noonday

A cup of desert soil, very dry

Procedure:

Combine ocean and mountains

Sprinkle the star dust over it until it sparkles

Pour in colors until it glows

Add dew, moonlight, and noonday

Stir in desert soil

Beat blue air until thick enough to cut and fold into the rest of the matter

Bake in an oven of vivid imagination.

Frost with:

1 cup silver

2 white clouds beaten 'till fluffy

1 cup rain

Garnish with leaves and small graceful animal figures. Serve with a spray of lilac on each plate.

This recipe will serve as many as care to eat. The cake is quite sweet and, to prevent indigestion, should be eaten in small quantities.

"OF BEAUTIFUL HAPPENINGS"

Lena Clare Shackelford

Sidney Avanant leaned back in his wicker chair and regarded his really fine west view of summer meadow, white highway, and hamlet church-steeple. Gracefully, he smoothed the trim vandyke that matched his silky white hair.

His young guest consented to the drop of conversation. Merely being there was sufficient draught of ecstacy for Lewis —merely being there on the ample veranda, spending a summer morning with the great Avanant. Avanant was the sacred image on Lewis' altar—a genius, a man of letters. Sidney Avanant the author! He had a considerable reputation and an income for manufacturing gracefully done, odor of lilac fiction for a ladies' magazine.

The two had spent the morning in breath-takingly artistic conversation on the shady veranda and had had something cold and pinkish-purple in thin glasses—or rather, it would have been cold had their talk not given time for the last crystal of ice to melt. The pinkish-purple color had not been affected. And Avanant had asked graciously of Lewis' work on his college magazine.

The old man resumed in his precise, smooth voice, "So you, too, would become a writer of fiction."

It was not a question, but a playful statement.

"Yes, sir. You see, our group of younger men are breaking from both fanciful romanticism and coarse realism. We are romanticists, but we believe that originality can be achieved only through the use of actual events of a romantic nature. Then we shall retain the style and lightness of the romanticists without repeating their **cliches.**"

Lewis ended with the uncomfortable feeling that he had said all he knew.

"Then you wish, if I may quote Cabel, 'to write perfectly of beautiful happenings'?"

"Exactly," agreed Lewis.

"I, too, have wished to write perfectly of beautiful happenings," commented Avanant, with gentle melancholy, "but now I use none but fanciful situations. You will learn that there are no absolutely beautiful happenings. The imperfection of na-

ture shows somewhere in the most pleasing event. I learned it long ago."

"But surely, Mr. Avanant——"

The great man signed courteously in interruption. "To use a near-beautiful happening effectively you will be driven to suppression or addition of details; you might as well depend on fancy in the beginning."

"Naturally, your youth is all against your believing me, so I shall not so much as be annoyed because of your incredulity, Seek flawless happenings if you wish—I did so once. But that was changed for me."

"Please explain, sir, if you don't mind." Lewis' journalistic fingers itched for a pencil. Now to capture the secret of the famous Sidney Avanant!

Avanant's gaze sadly measured the distant steeple.

"Remember," he said, "I do not ask for complete understanding. Once I was saying to myself, 'Here is absolute beauty in a situation,' but—

"It was a ball at the country estate of one of my wealthy friends. I was dancing with a stately silver blonde, the most beautiful woman present, young, fragile as a flower stalk. Her dress was of silver and delicate drooping lace. And I loved her —as madly and as worshipfully as any knight of chivalry loved his lady.

"Tiring of the ball room, we descended the steps—white marble in the moonlight, and strolled through the magnificent magnolia grove to the lake shore that was the fringe on the estate. Visualize it if you can—majestic trees with their great cream-white, odorous blossoms, the narrow white-pebbled beach, the smooth lake stretching away to the hills. And over all the full moon, like an argent bubble, drowned the world in silver.

"Madeline sat on a stone seat and gazed out across the cool lake. I looked at her shimmering loveliness until my adoration became a physical pain and a more than human ecstacy. Then words flooded over my passionate lips. I told her I loved her in every romantically worshipping phrase at my command. I addressed her by all endearing names, I knelt at her feet and implored her to be my bride. At last I ceased and gazed into

her wonderful eyes for my answer, unconscious of all except her exquisite presence, and then—"

Avanant broke off, and sighing, supported his brow with a graceful hand.

"And then?" Lewis dared hardly more than whisper.

Avanants' melancholy head sank lower.

"She sneezed."

MONOTONY

I am weary and so tired
Of the silver rain;
With its monotonous pattern,
Against the pane.

I am longing for fields
Where the wind wanders free;
And the ceaseless throbbing
Of the restless sea.

I must turn to my book
While the rain drones on;
And figure equations
'Til the break of dawn.

—Elizabeth Souders

WHO INSULTED THE SUN?

I wonder why the dear ole' Sun
Goes down at the close of day?
I wish sometimes when the moon comes up
The sun would decide to stay.
Somebody makes him mad, I know,
For he grows quite red in the face,
And backs off into the corner of the sky
And swells as he hastens his pace.
He grows so mad till he actually pops.
He must have been filled with ire;
His insides were so very hot
They set the whole heavens afire!

—Mary Holbrook

RAIN

Rain!
It came today—
Rushing convulsively in great torrents—
Washing the dust from the tired beans,
Cooling the hot sands,
And softening the suncrusted soil.

Tears!
If only they would come and wash away each memory of you,
Cool my feverish cheek,
And soften my heart
That is strangely growing hard and bitter.

—Fannie Ruth Pledger

CANTICLE

There is a little lost moon tonight
With her thin white veil around her,
Going through the great blue streets
Asking for her beloved.
But the winds that go about as watchmen
Have taken her white veil from her;
And the frightened moon goes desolate,
Asking for her beloved.

—Lena Clare Shackelford

BEAUTY

Today as I stood at my kitchen sink
And washed dishes in a half-frenzied calm
I paused for a moment to think—
What had the poet uttered in his psalm?
"There is beauty in everything"—it seems?
But I scorned the beauty of a pan of suds and chinaware!
Until—the sun caught the tiny soap bubbles with its gleams
And on my slim fingers
I saw diamonds, rubies, amethysts—of beauty rare!
The poet in philosophizing had been wise and great,
And I had seen beauty in dishwater—not too late!

—Fannie Ruth Pledger

"OF BEAUTIFUL HAPPENINGS"—THE OPPOSITE VIEW

Grace Lane

Some say that no event in the world is utterly beautiful, and that always we must borrow the lamp of illusion or the rose colored glasses to make the reality perfect. But once, not once upon a time . . . .

It was a calm evening such as Wordsworth might have written lines about. The huge oak in front of Main was feathered in translucent green, and great purple puffs of wistaria swung softly over the assembled student body.

A slender white-clad figure detached itself from the crowd and the students whispered a soft "S-h-h-h-h." In a voice full of thrills she announced that the students were assembled to honor Dr. Carmichael, who had decided to stay with us at Alabama College instead of accepting a position at Winthrop.

Cheers shattered the tranquility of the evening, but a quick silence prevailed as a plan was put forward to go immediately to the president's home and express our thanks. Quietly, by classes, four girls abreast, the students filed into the walk leading to the President's Home. Snatches of college songs and the beat of feet were the only breaks in the stillness of the evening. A few early stars stole silently out to watch.

Solemnly the yard filled with girls. One came forward and led a song with sweetness and poise. The door opened, and Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael stood before us, drowned in wave on wave of applause. Each class president gave a message of gratitude and love. The reply came in unsteady tones. Most of the girls cried gently, but with joyful faces.

Then the Alma Mater burst from every throat, and soared upward until each star must have heard the exultation of the song. Then, still quiet and reverent, the crowd dispersed, as the girls went down the hill, singing softly.

The evening star shone out suddenly in all the glory of its benediction.

Dr. Carmichael had come to his own, and his own had received him.

TWEET! TWEET!

Mary Holbrook

Do you know that birds have personalities? No? Perhaps they all don't—but, those that hang around Nabors Hall do. This fact has been most interestingly confirmed by Dr. J. R. Steelman.

One afternoon while he was busily buried in case studies two birds hopped upon the window sill of his office. One was a gawky fowl with a slender crested neck. His tastelessly gay color suggested his manner which was filled with all the vulgarity and crudeness of a street urchin. Greedily he snapped at the crumbs which were thrown him by the fascinated observer. Then he flapped his wings saucily and flew away. "Goody, I got all the big ones," seemed to float back in raucous notes.

The other bird was quite different. Upon seeing him one visualized a courteous gentleman entering his drawing room. He was a lean bird of average build with a long tapering tail. The softness of his yellow breast and the clear blue of his wing feathers were symbolic of his behavior. With graceful bows he pecked one tiny crumb—then another, and flew away silently.

Dr. Steelman's next task is to determine whether or not these personality traits are inherited by the bird families. Do you suppose that the psychological or sociological environment could have influenced the conduct in these two cases?

MISERY

I stand up
And draw a faltering breath.
Vainly I try to speak;
My tongue only clings closer
To the roof of my mouth.
My throat hurts . . .
I feel light—and tremulous.
Miserable moments;
Horrible fear;
Fear of my own voice.

—Demorhea Wright

RAMSAY PARLOR AFTER SUPPER ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

Dorothy Day

Ramsay parlor right after supper on any Saturday night is simply teeming with humanity. It is crowded with girls dancing and girls sitting on overstuffed sofas discussing the latest scandal, the picture show, or practice teaching. Sometimes they break into a snatch of song when the energetic little blonde at the piano swings into some especially familiar tune. One girl in a brown wool dress stands by the piano singing continuously. A group is gathered around her keeping time with hands, feet, and slight swinging motions of the shoulders.

One gets a whiff of perfume as two girls hurry through the parlor with a cheery greeting and an invitation to all to join them at the first show.

The clanging of the phone draws the immediate attention of a girl who has been sitting on the piano bench accompanying the little blonde pianist now and then by endeavoring to strike a few similar notes in a higher key on the piano. Her high heels click as she rushes to the office adjoining the parlor to stop the urgent ringing, and we hear the door close easily behind her as she disappears into privacy to tell her date, possibly, that she is still expecting him at seven o'clock. She is forced to thrust her head out after a minute and utter a loud "Sh—— you all please don't make so much noise."

Four girls who have been dancing stop, slip into their wraps that have been hanging over the back of one of the chairs, pick up their pocket books from a near-by table and announce that they are going to see if anything is happening on the main street of Montevallo. The sound of their laughing voices lingers behind as the front door slams after them.

A hush comes over the parlor as deep male voices are heard outside. Four boys, stepping uneasily into the parlor, become the center of interest. The adored house mother, who has been sitting talking to three of her many "children" as she crochets a rag rug, puts her work down carefully in her chair. She walks over to the male arrivals and lessens their embarrassment by inquiring in a kind voice whom they would like to see.

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The groups of girls break up, some going off to make candy, some to prepare their lessons for Monday, and others to visit in other dormitories. Thus, another Saturday night in Ramsay parlor right after supper is ended.

FAUN

If faun could change loveliness by moonlight
This yellow moon would find me beauty.
So in my ferns I'll stand and pray to her
Now, with arms cast up, tonight,
That my faunshape's entity
May here transform to winsomer
Than lilies.

—Lena Clare Shackelford

NEW MOON

The mist of evening veils the hills;
The branches of many trees
Spread bare fingers into the night,
Etching the darkness with grotesque shapes.
Low over the hills hangs
The sliver of a new moon;
Like a crooked splinter of silver
Chipped and flung down from the edge of a star.

—Elizabeth Souders

READING SPENSER AT MIDNIGHT

And the age-stained book lies open on my knees,
My yellow light stands cold midnight away,
And, in a land that never was, the trees
Grow thick in an enchanted wood where play
The gentle Satyrs who from great dismay
Have saved Una sorrowing for her knight—
And while she sports with them a sunny day
Sir Holiness rides on in direful plight,
For foul Duessa shows herself as fair
And dragons whoop in the enchanted air.

—Lena Clare Shackelford

EVENING INTERLUDE

Ida Kirkwood

Just long enough after supper to begin to feel as though one of those Hershey bars with the almonds, or a bag of waffle chips, crisp and brown, would taste exceedingly good,—Dot, who has been studying Spanish, throws the book down with a sigh of relief. It misses the bed and hits the floor with a clatter, displaying irregular verbs and a page of unlearned vocabulary where it is left open.

"Let's go down to the tea room, Pat," she calls to her unconscious roommate, who is deep in a book. "I'm positively too hungry to study any longer!"

As they start, she calls down the hall in a lusty voice "Does an-n-n-nybody want anything from the tea room? Do you want to go, Margaret? Yes, right now. Come on!"

They all start down the steps, chattering, laughing. Outside: "Gee, it's cold! Let's run!"

As they fly down the walk, they nearly crash into a belated date who has lingered too long; but, thanks to the Murad just consumed, no one is embarrassed.

They enter the tea room with noisy greetings and much mirth. It is filled with girls—some sitting around tables with their feet propped up, leaving little dusty traces on the black varnish—others gossiping on the couch, watching everybody who comes in in order that they may not miss a thing—all adding pounds and ounces to the typical Alabama College figure.

Here one sees every possible shade and color of pajamas, from the collegiate red-and-white-striped ones to the sissy-looking blue type with organdy ruffles. The charming little red-haired girl behind the counter juggles nickles and dimes expertly, while her assistant pops the tops from five Coca-Cola bottles in rapid succession.

"Hey, look. I want a nut hershey. What do you want, Pat and Margaret?"

"Dope 'n a Snicker."

"Just a dope."

The candy and drinks are munched and gurgled with expressions of great contentment on the faces of all. A tall girl

in a green robe walks over to the table and stands with hands in pockets talking. She leans over to take a bite of Pat's candy.

Just as the last drop—a good one, too—slips down Dot's throat, a huge sigh fairly blows the others away.

"Say, kid, what's the matter?"

"I just remembered that I forgot to do my Spanish sentences. I guess we'd better go!"

"G'night everybody."

"G'night."

FAIRIES

Look! Oh, don't you see
Fairies 'tween you and me?
Lovely, lightsome, dark-eyed fairies
Riding, gliding, south-wind fairies.

There are fairies in the trees,
Fairies dancing on the breeze,
Spirits, if you please,
Calling you and me.

—Mary Frances Jones

MOOD—RATHER INDIGO
Or
LINES ON A PIECE OF PAPER

Love is, they say, a cloak against the cold;
A candle burning in a window place.
But cloaks are drafty on a windy night,
And candles only serve to light a little space.

—Grace Lane

WORMS (CINQUAIN)

Some worms
Are nice and slim
With brilliant bands of gold
Around their tails. But some, alas,
Are fat.

—Lena Clare Shackelford

YESTERDAY—AND TODAY

Mary Frances Merrill

Yesterday when I thought on all of the hurry and anxiety of life, disappointments, the vain striving after momentary honors and fleeting satisfactions, and disillusionments, I desired with all my heart to shut myself in a world of books. Here I could find, I was sure, perfect contentment and charming companions. Think of beginning the morning with Chaucer's party on the way to Canterbury! How I would revel in their conversation, and how I should enjoy observing the individuals of the party. The afternoon could be most pleasantly spent by visiting the Peggotty family and Uriah Heep with the best of friends, David Copperfield. For exercise I could do mind-hurdles with Shakespeare—Macbeth, Prince Hal and Falstaff, Hamlet and Mark Antony would arouse me to wide-awakeness. Toward late afternoon I should like to watch the sunset with Keats, and the first star of evening with Shelley. Just after twilight I should like to walk with Milton and ponder over things too great for me to understand. Then there would be at night the music of David's songs.

But today—all the world is lovely with the first signs of Springs' awakening. Could I get from any book the sound of wind in the pine tree just outside my window, the vision of young green trees swaying in the slanting sunlight, the scent of lilacs, apple blossoms, brides' bouquet—the breath of spring. And what friends in books could take the places of one who is absolutely dependable in every respect; the one who will do anything for one she loves; one whose mind can see the minutest points of a problem; one who is exasperating at times, yet so lovable; one whose soul shines out like a star at midnight, and whose eyes see only the beautiful: one whose naivette is always a source of amusement; one whose life is a constant pattern of self-sacrifice; one who is to me the standard of perfection after which I try to pattern my life—all of them could have a book written about them.

Sometimes it is much more interesting to read stories of the living characters as written by themselves daily than to read those only alive in books.

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GNATS

Small gnats about a high hung light
Make eagle shadows on the ground.
Small minds flocked near a mind of might
Loom for centuries around.

—Lena Clare Shackelford

PARTING

Down an avenue of pines
Golden sun-rays
Chase her shadow
To the edge of darkness.
Within that tangled mass
Her footsteps die away.
I dare not go—
She and I have parted.

—Ruby Livings

FLEMISH NIGHTSCENE

The clouds are black and turbulent tonight.
The wind is jostling them about.
They are both searching for that
Golden treasure of night, the moon.
But the night is clever and secretive.
She has hidden the moon.
They will not find her.

—Grace Lane

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

Night
Is a huge black raven
That flies on swishing wings
Through the forest, driving
The sunrays far away.

—Ruby Livings

BEHIND THE SCENES

Eunice Thomas

Periodically some one in every group feels the need of telling the general public about the true condition under which he works and plays. Many things, in response to this urge, have been said about the college student and college life. But there is one phase of college life that has apparently never been explained—that is the part played by the college student behind the scenes.

There are many people in college whom the public never understands. It sees only those who remain in the foreground, the leaders: or, to us a collegiate term, the "big shots" on the campus. And the public is liable to think that all students are like these leaders—the campus politicians, the student editors, and the athletes, all of whom are of their own importance. Outsiders are inclined to believe that all college students are persons of inflated ego.

True, these leaders have good qualities also; and they are usually well fitted for their positions, or else they would not have attained them. But the success of their leadership depends not entirely upon them, but largely upon the majority of college students who stay in the background. The great mass of college students give faithful service to their leaders by loyally following them.

An example of this loyal service was shown recently here at Alabama College during our College Night. Three hundred and fifty girls on each side worked diligently, striving to present a perfect performance. From both sides girls spent long hours each day sewing on costumes; others gave all their time to the construction and painting of scenery; during the performance one girl from each side always stayed at the switchboard and worked to achieve the magnificent lighting effects that were evident.

The service that these and many others performed was known only to a few. They were behind the scenes during the whole performance. They received no public acclaim, yet they worked untiringly.

This is a specific example of the college students' working together for a common cause. Such loyal support is present in all colleges. Because college does provide such discipline, that of training for leadership, and training to follow leadership, as is necessary in the best of communities, the college student is well fitted to become a very good citizen upon graduation.

CINQUAINS

I think
The silver drops
Of rain are like to chips
Of diamonds shot with fire and flung
Afar.

—Elizabeth Souders

TIME GYPSY TRAIN

The sun sank into a flaming sea,
But moonrise made up for that loss.
Sea-gulls beat the misty air,
And dipped into the foam.
A fresh tang drifted on the breeze,
As the long, grey salt-grass
Bent to a whispering wind.
Slowly the young moon lifted up
Its golden, tapered crescent
Into a cloud-fleeced sky,
Still blue with twilight.
Across the silent stretches of
Dimly-silvered sand dunes
A gypsy train slowly faded
Over the rim of the world.

—Ruby Livings

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